

THE
TRAGEDY
OF

The unhappy Fair
IRENE.

By Gilbert Swinhoe, Esq;

LONDON:

Printed by J. Streater, for J. Place,
at Furnifals Inn Gate, in Holborn,
M. DC. L VIII.

THE
TRAGEDY

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IRENE

By Gilbert Simeon, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Wren, for J. Paine,
at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.

MDCCLXXXVIII.



To his dear Brother, the Author.

I Gratulate, Sir, that we see so soon,
While we but for a Morning look'd, your Noon.
We (could not yet believe that right-way ;
And see ! Thou do't awake into full Day.
Nor have I ought to vouch thy Beams) begun,
But Gnats have leave to play within the Sun :
And though thy Worth not needs that we stand by,
We may, however, with our Votes comply ;
And speak what all must do : that thou hast writ
Scenes that have in them, Spirit, Judgment, Wit ;
Who from thy Pen shall read *Irene's* Fate
Will think her now not so unfortunate.
Let others to their merit speak thee high,
I, but a Tribute, bring of Piety.

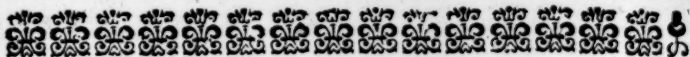
Ja. Swinhoe.

*To the hopeful Youth of his much honoured Kinsman,
Gilbert Swinhoe, Esq.*

SIR, You are *Poesy's* so early Son,
Our *Papers* are a *Geneethliacon* :
You else (that it may to the World be showne,
That you were born a Poet) write your own :
Or, as in *Greece* , the Infant did divide
The Cradle with the Lute couch'd by his side ;
That still he might in his unwitting Play
His busie Fingers to the Chords convey :
Until the happy Artifice thus brings
Him to a *coy-Repeating* of the Strings :
So you were made familiar as soon
With Musick, that thus Element in Tune.
On then, auspicious Youth ! be farther great !
And verse in all her numbers make compleat ;
Until our Laureats (satisfy'd) set down
The humble Homagers unto thy Crown.

Eldred Revett.

To



*To the most ingenious Author, his
much honoured Countrey-
man.*

So young ! and yet so good a Tragedy,
If I'de not seen't, I'de sworn 'rad had been a Lye :
But since I see't, Sir, give me leave to tell
Northumberland can boast a Miracle
Of Wit and Worth : We praise thee, if I could.
But think that I could do it as I should.
But 'las ! my Phancie's checkt with the excess
Of thy great merit : Yet this I must confess ;
Did but *I R E N E* live, she'd wish to dye
Once more, If thou would'st write her Tragedy. •

F. S.

Prologue.

TIs she in melting Charms that did intice
Revenge and War, to calmed Lullabyes.
By which emboldned unpatron'd doth commit
Her Self unto the World's Protectorship.
And holds experienc't safety, since there are
So numerous Dangers in particular :
So bids farewell, in a disdainful fear,
Knowing, but cares not for a Censurer.

Gilb. Swinhoe.

THE



THE TRAGEDY

OF

The unhappy fair *Irene*.

The Scene *HADRIANOPLE*.

Actus primi Scena prima.

*Enter Souldiers, as from the Sacking of Constantinople ; one
with a Bag of Silver.*

1. **H**erc Lads, here's that that subjects Crowns,
And Ladies to our Lure.
2. I wonder that *Constantinople*,
Abounding in such Charmes,
Infatuated not our *Turkish* pride.
3. It was with them, as Stomachs clog'd with Food,
That priz'd not in their Bulking State:
1. I marry Sir,
Their Stomachs clog'd, hath sent Repletion to the Brain
That to our good hath lul'd them in security.
2. Did you not see how all too late, they shak't their heads,
And with their idle fingers,
From their Eye-lids, would have brush't the sleep.
3. Shak't it, and brush't it quoth:
By mass, but if they use it thus,
They'l soon wax thread-bare.
1. Come hold, you'l shake and brush so long
That we'l be shak'd behinde our lawrel'd-army.

*Actus primi, Scena secunda.**Enter a Souldier, with a captive Lady as a part.*

Sold. Lady, you's here my prisoner,
And if you'll let me lord it but a while
In spoyl of your Virginity, You shall for ever be my Conqueror.

Lad. Oh Friend, do you conceive that in this huge storm of woe,
When sorrows, like the groaning waves,
Whipt with a spouting *Hirricano*, Ride posting on the neck of ether,
To the deafaced shore.

Rush in this narrow Concave of my Breast,
That there is room to lodge a thought of pleasure; Oh! No, no.

Sold. Madam, your future State depends not on that is past already,
Constantinople it self doth yet remain,
Although your friends, that in it liv'd
Are, by our conquering swords sent to declare our valour to the dead:
And if you will subscribe to my desires,
I'll be a means to invest you in that State
That you's acquire greater and nobler Friends.

Enter a Captain, as to them.

Lad. What hath the slaughtered Ghost of some dear friend
Surv'd your noble Actions in the town;
And in requital sent you here, to act a deed of worth,
And reap the prayers of a perplexed maid.

Cap. Oh Madam! How high will our victorious Prince
Judge of his Victory?
When with the great Imperial of the East
He hath a Jem that makes a soyl of Nature:
And what art thou that with thy misty breath
Damps this bright Sun?

Lad. Oh! noble Sir:
Did you but know the foul contagion he hath breath'd,
And how his Lungs hath wrought,
To increase the raging sea of my affliction,
No woman groan'd at your Nativity,
If that you be not glad at my deliverance.

Sold. The wages of my toyl; the cordial of my
Scattered blood spilt in the Enterprize;
And would you thus bereave me?
Then never more shall this my sword
In field cut titles for the god of War:
When as my fainting spirits did require
A whiles repose within her quickning breast,
She did deny, and falsly rates me thus.

Cap. Villain, but that my spirits all
Are charm'd with noble pity to this maid;
And passion, stiff'd in remorse,
Lies swooning for a while:

I'de hack an Epiraph upon thy flesh
That all might shun thee,

Lad. 'Tis strange Revenge is acted upon me,
That I in courtesie must be constrain'd
To love my loathed Enemy.

Cap. Madam, Be pleas'd to walk, and see your self deceiv'd.

Lad. I would I could.

Exeunt.

Actus I. Scena tertia.

Enter M. homet the Turk with Drum and Colours, as into Hadrianople :

Then enter Citizens, as to meet the Emperour,

I Welcome great Prince,
Me thinks thy restless blood,
Like the dishevel'd burning locks of *Phæbus*,
When he careers the circuit of the Heavens,
Darts forth such Rayes of burning spirit
That crackles the world in astonishment.

Mab. Friends, Who's lost a man in this successful War,
Amongst these pampered Broods; By our command
Let him take three for one;

Let their inflav'd lives pay satisfaction for our blood.

All. All thanks to our deserving Prince.

Mab. Great is the business that's in hand;
Therefore let's about it.

All. A gracious Prince.

Exeunt Mahomet, and the Bashaws, & exeunt omnes.

Actus secundi, Scena quarta.

Enter two Gentlemen, as at the Gates of Hadrianople.

I Sir, Will you venture?

2 Is not the pressure of this mighty wo
Enough to sink my fainted spirits?
But by your mocks you'l add to it.

I My high-born Lord,
Let all the *Tragick* Fancies in the world
Be true in me.
Let sorrow sink between my bone and marrow,
And may all tender souls mock my distress
If I so mean:

I wonder that your Lordship staggers thus.

Lord. I know thou'rt honest.

How dull thou'rt seem to be,
To strange that I do stagger?
I am sure the Leaden Clasp of sleep;
That do shut in the Golden Story,
Lock't not thy Pent-houses
But that thou saw this huge ov'r-bearing storm,
And yet do'st talk so strange.

r. O Sir! When you should make return of praises
To the gods for your deliverance;
Then to precipitate your self in wilful danger:
When an affront of mercy,
And might, deduce the never ended plagues of Heaven,
In showers on your head.

Lord. Ah Fool! Do'st ask if I will venture,
That nothing have to lose,
Unless this spunk of life, sleighted as much
As she that hangs upon her satiated Lovers neck,
Who loathing would be gone.

Man. But, dear my Lord,
If that you spurn at mercy, And defie the gods,
They'll draw your loathed thread of life
To Nessars broach,
And add destruction every moment.

Lord. Away: Thou never readst the maxims of the Wise,
That things at their acquired height descend again:
And when at full perfection,
Do admit no increase.

Sound the unfathom'd Sea of my distress,
Measure the unbounded limits of my sorrow,
My Native Soyl, my dearest Countrey sack't
Our great Imperial, whose reflex
Rival'd the Sun, and shone throughout the Earth,
Lies smother'd in her dust;
And my dearest Friends promiscuously
Lie mangl'd in the forgetful heapes.
Now might I here prick down a period to my wots,
Me thinks I cou'd sustain.

But oh! oh!
I see a raging stream, a mighty flood
Out-bearing all its Banks,
Will quickly sweep my patience to a sop:
My Love, do'st think she lives?
Fond, she cannot die:
Her soule's in me, and mine in hers reciprocal:
So while I live, she cannot die;
But I may die in her: but I'm alive,
Therefore she is not dead.
Then I'll go seek her here.
The contaminous Bed of this grim Tyrant
Shall not detain her from me:
And, e're I'll go without her,
I'll leap destruction in the face,
And kiss the Instrument of my decease.

Man. My Lord, I have staid your passion,
And now in reason would confer with you ;
Strangers we are, and now in this new Conquest
Each eye labours for new discovery :
The Language we are strangers in ,
And pregnant Wits will fit us to the bran ;
Therefore amongst these rural Hindes
That nothing understand, here in the Suburbs
Let us abide :
Until the pregnant time deliver up the truth.

Lord. Well, my great desires I'll curb,
And go along with thee ?
Thee alone survivour of my friends. *Exeunt both*

Enter the Lady and Captain.

Cap. Madam, I have puzzel'd the Invention of Arithmetick, —
And find the sum of your perfection
Too great for my receipt :
Therefore to them that better can esteem your worth
I'll render you :

For me to accumulate so rich a Jem,
Were for to lame our Princes Victory,
And a disloyal Fact :
So for your greater honour, and mine esteem,
I will present you to him.

Lad. O Sir, You lame your Victory indeed,
And make a light esteem of it,
In posying me with it.

Cap. Lady, 'tis true : the water in its quantity,
Is more then the refined spirits;
Yet that's made up in the surpassive quality of them.
So in my drunk-opinion it doth seem
The extracted purity of all the East,
Is centred in you.

And for to keep you from my Prince, were greater loss
Then our received *Alcazon*,
The which I'll never do.

Lad. Sweet Sir, Will you proclaim your error,
And make (of invalidity) your yet esteem'd opinion,
And make my else unhappy self hated by every one,
What can you think the Victor of the East
That sits Competitor with *Phabus* in his glory,
Will be so blinded, to dore upon his slave,
Where there is no allurements,
Unless his Pallate out of relish,
Imbrace my salted lips for a recovery,
Recal your scattered judgment,
And lose not your esteem.

Cap. Madam, I am not defective of sense ; nor do I dream :
 I'm sure 'tis real that I see ;
 So if you'll go along with me,
 I will present you honourably : if not,
 I will declare the Cabin where the Jewel lies,
 And let the Emperour pick't himself ;
 And so farewell.

Lad. Stay, patience but a while,
 Give me but three days space,
 And I will strive to stop these nigh exhausted Fountains,
 And recollect some smiles, the better to adorn your presentation.

Cap. So long I wait your leisure, and wish you well advis'd :
 So rest you joyful. *Exit Cap.*

Lad. And you the like.

Mantel Irene Solo.

When thrice the burning Carbuncle of Heaven
 Hath hit upon the insulting Waves,
 And when he would hath thrice been
 Mantel'd up in Black.

Must I ? But oh disloyal thought !
 I am glad thou hast met affection,
 Whose Loyal Flame, hath to thy primitive
 Non-being reducest thee.

If espoused love, my Lord *Paleologus*,
 Hath yet surviv'd the ruines of his Native Soyl,
 And should behold me prove inconstant,
 How would the sacking of our brave city,
 The death of all his Friends, renew themselves
 In a more Tragick Scene ?

Oh ! my Soul ! that thou wert here,
 That which of us were strongest, might support
 The others grief a little.

Well ! I do find my exterior Senses all,
 Have a discharge from their great covering soul,
 For to suspend their Faculties a while ;
 Therefore I'll hunt my rest.

Exit.

*Enter Mahomet, and his Bakhaws, as in open Council, about settlement
 of their new Conquests.*

Mah. What think you, Lords,
 If we transfer us to *Constantinople* ?

All. If all things fitted were, we like it well.

Mah. Your counsel's good :

B fides, our Conquest made more absolute,
 From her sweet leated Turrets we may pry
 In to the Affairs of *Europe*, and the bordering *Asia*,
 And sit an Eye-fore to the Christian Foe :
 I would it were dispatcht.

1 My gracious Prince, the Leadn foot of Time
Must stamp some dayes upon your back
Ere this can be effected: some great Commander
With a power must here reside,
To snuffe the pressing crest of this imperious brood;
And many thing, of great import
Are yet to be resolv'd.

2 'Tis true; therefore, your Majesty must court
Your patience yet a while.

Mab. To that same purpose came we here
To argue and determine:
But since you are all agreed, that it becomes our State to go,
We do adjourn the Court a while.
And, in the interim, consider of our great Captains to be left behind.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Demosthenes, the Lord Peologus his Attendant, as from the city,
having been enquiring of the Captives, and the State.*

Dem. My Lord, the tempest's great, where none escapes the Rack,
The Battail's sore, where none survives to give report.
The great revenging hand of Fate
Hath not pursu'd your joyes unto the utmost;
Nor hath the flame of their great rage
Dried all the Fountains of your blis; One yet remains,
Whose cordial Springs will cool, the intaging passions of your bloud,
The fair *Irene* lives.

Peo. How! Hath the intoxicing magick of her brow
Conjur'd the influence of her birth?
Hath the impression of her purer Spirit statu'd the Fates?
That the stern sword of great Revenge falls down in homage,
Fearing his Name unjustly threatening such.

Dem. Do you intend to wing't, on your own breath to her?

Peo. O that I could but flee it in the Air a while invisible:
I'de fly aloft above her head, until the neighbouring Air
Fill'd with the sweet perfumes of her,
Like *Africk* Birds stifi'd me down.

Dem. My Lord, Aire's but a vapour;
And while you vapour an Addition,
The substance may evaporate.
The well composed Body of your Parliament must act
As well as the Lord Speaker; e're you be better.

Peo. Act: O! I act Wonders, Nature, and Arts be staires
To my design.

Dem. Oh Sir!
I dread the Hawking Eye,
Of this imperious Victor;
I doubt some of his fawning Spaniels
Will discover your rich Game.

Which once but rais'd, I tremble at the event.

Pao. What if he seiz'd her here below,
The ardent flames of our so chaste desire
Will nullifie his horny talents so,
That he I surrend his seized.
And if he sore the Clouds with her
I'll make a Daggers point spur to my soul
To post to him.

Dem. Let us prevent all this,
And in the Sun-shine make our hay :

Pao. Come, make hast, I'll be rul'd by thee :

Dem. Then we, disguised as we are,
Will venter through these Gates.
I know her Lodging well ;

As I am, will go your servant ;
And you, for an escaped Brother of hers :
And then when you are each inform'd of others state,
We will consult what best is to be done.

Pao. Come in haste.

Dem. But I beseech you call home
Your banish'd Reason, in this same tickle point.

Pao. I will, let's go,

Exeunt.

Enter the Captain to the Lady Irene,

Cap. Madam,

I hope your wayward thoughts are all remov'd,
And your own inclination, courts you now.

Lady. Tis true Sir : my thoughts are not the same ;
For every minute thoughts do change,
And for my inclination, tis too bashful for to court me.

Cap. Madam, Weighty Affairs are in transaction,
'Tis not a time to complement ;
But briefly to declare ; Will you, or will you not ?

Enter the Lord Prologus, and Demosthenes to them.

Irene swoonds at the approach : he embraces her.

Pao. My dearest sister,
Had I but dream'd this unexpected joy,
Would have surpriz'd thee thus,
I had rather choise confinement for the day
Then thou'lt beheld me.

He lifts her up.

Arise, Sweet-heart let us rejoice we met.

Dem. Brother Tim : Brother Tim.

Irene. My dearest Brother,

She revives.

Aside.

How doth the cordial Rayes of thy fraternal love
Restore my yielding spirits?

Dem. Sweet Sir, this is the effect of Natures consanguinity,
Make them mistake themselves;

So I presume a Suppliant for them,

That you'l a while withdraw:

That they more freely may converse

Of their great Parents, and their Kindred gone.

Cap. Sir, Great's the respect I always bear

To spirits so nobly qualified:

Therefore, for me, enjoy thy place,

And freedome at their pleasure.

Dem. My Lord,

This worthy Gentleman is well content,

That you more private should discourse your miseries.

Per. We thank you Sir;

And most of this our private conference

Shall be to study a requital,

For your high respects.

Irene. The freeness of your favours, Sir,

Makes me a sturdy Beggar,

To beg the obligeement of this day:

And if you will, before the Mountain tops

Be becom'd with the Sun,

Shew to the Nighted Vails

The days approach,

I'll smile on your desires.

Cap. That's laugh at my delay;

But this one night I'll dream away,

And then behold the final issue

In time to be more wise.

Aside.

Madam, he reciprocal regret

I have of all your woes, command me:

And so in expectation take my leave.

Exit.

Per. What hath thy near exhausted Darts of beauty

Slain the revengeful ire of all grim foes that did approach thee.

Were all the bloody and revengful spirits on earth,

In general rav'ous'd, there is such irresistible beauty,

Such noble charms of pity in thy look: it shewn,

They'd all as shame disperse like heartless Hindes.

Irene. My noble, and most constant Lord,

I love you more, then I can tell you so:

Nor will I vent Encomiums of your praise,

It were to lame your worth:

For your heroic Actions

Will themselves engrave perpetual Epitaphs unto your praise:

Let us not stand and muse the fruits the enjoyment brings.

But act and stir to bring the enjoyment,
The state of which is desperate.

Dem. Fair, and discreet, pull down that Cypress Vail,
And make an Artificial Night :
For madd-men soonest recollect in darkness.

Pao. If I am mad, and pulling down that vail, make night,
O that I might within that shade, Her Arms the chains,
Lie Bedlam'd up for ever.
Prithee *Demosthenes* act for me now, and when I have enjoy'd her,
I shall be capable to thank thee.

Dem. Well then : to morrow she must give her full resolve ;
And as for me, I think it meet, she should most chearfully
Present her self unto the Emperour.
In all obedience to his will, let her prolong his enjoyment
Of her, so long as possibly she can. Mean time, you and I
Will wander into *Hungary* : I know you'll find acceptance
Correspondent to your port ; because you are like Enemies
Unto the common foe. Nor do I doubt but your indowments
Will accumulate a mass of friends.
Then in prefixed time, with a strong guard in *Turkish* habit,
You may so nigh, as possibly you can, approach this City,
Where she, in her disportive liberty, taking the Air
At the appointed place may be surpris'd ; and carried successfully :
All which I wish perform'd.

Pao. O would it prove so !
I wou'd joyfully take farewell of that lip,
And fancy, that mine own retain'd a remnant
Till I saw her.

Ire. Honest *Demosthenes*,
Thou hast declared the likeliest way :
But oh ! 'tis straight and rugged
For me poor weak distressed Wretch
To wander in the absence of my Sun :
Thou, thou, my dearest Lord,
O sad ! Alas to think ! What odious
And detested company, must I be forc't confer with
When you are gone ?
How shall I reel 'twixt hope and fear ?
And stagger on the Rocks of Despair,
Benighted in calamity and woe.
But longest nights e're now have had their days,
And I in patience will expect the Sun of my prosperity.

Pao. Oh ! Oh !
Despair prevails : my Infants-hopes lie dying :
My soul of joy, 'tis like to be a tedious night
Before thy Rayes of Beauty, reflex't by me,
Shine forth a morning joy.

Dem.

Dem. Sweet Paire,
The sharpest Drugs are of the healthiest operation:
Oft from a cloudy morn,
Ensues a glorious day: Your grief I hope is at the height:
And, in enjoyment, will afford a pleasant *Theame*
For your Discourse.
See, see, the restless Steeds of *Phæbus* bright,
Hath quencht their burning thirst in the great Ocean,
And freshly rowes for this days task,
Telling all stoln contents, It's time to part.

Ire. Like as some beauty, through a mourning Vail,
So seems the Sun muffled in yonder Clouds:
My thinks she onely seems a Torch
Prepar'd to attend the Funerals of some mighty man.

Peo. Thou more contemned Light,
Than is the Dead-mans Torch,
Within the secret Monument! The Sun shines forth,
Which onely lights friends to their last farewell:
I would some new born *Phædon* had whipt thee from the Skie
Down to the restless Ocean,
That thy diffused Rayes might there have been extinguish'd:
Then might I here the Prince of pleasure raing'd,
Unenvied 'cause unseen of the malicious world.

Irene. See poor *Demosthenes*
The alone partaker of our griefs,
Surpriz'd with equal passion,
Like us in a *Lethargick Muse*, forgets the time.

Peo. Come, come, your fiery passions are too great
To suffer cold Distempers thus to stupifie.

Dem. Blest be that Reformation,
And collected manhood: take leave in heart,
'Tis farr spent day.

Peo. Me-thinks the purity of the great Globe
Of Heaven and Earth
Is circumvented all within mine arms:
Can I from thee, thou Universal Spirit be banisht?
No, the pure refin'd *Imaginations* of my Spirits,
Will still be active, in creating thee anew.
Oh! the ravish'd pleasure of this Kiss
Makes me despair, the enjoyment is so full, my bliss is at the height:
My Soul farewell.

Dem. Lady, give me a farewell of your hand,
And Heavens smile on thee.

Irene. Farewel my Love; farewell my honest friend;
Good Fates prosper your speed.

Exit Peo. and Demo.

Manet.

*Demosthenes with a dejected
countenance stands by.*

He embraces her.

He kisses her.

Kisses her hand.

Manet Irene : A SONG.

Farewel delight, pleasures adieu,
 He's gone, by whom you to me did accrew :
 Go where you'r welcome, and may be
 Enjoy'd your course, as you have been by me :
 And when you have wheeled the world about
 Returning chance, I have found Lovers out.
 Till then I'll mourn, and mourning sing
 Though I be lov'd, and courted of a King.

Come in :

Enter one knocking, a Messenger.

Mes. Save you Madam :

A noble Captain, desirous to accomplish our great triumph,
 Hath braz'd your beauty to the Emperour,
 Who doth by me his messenger, invite your presence ;
 And for this purpose, I, with a noble Guard,
 Such as become your State attend you.

Irene. Sir, He takes my beauty at a disadvantage ;
 For, with some friends, he's past the time till late last night,
 And am not yet accomplish'd to see his Majesty.

Mes. Really Lady, We have command not empty to return.

Irene. I must, and will obey his Highness commands.

Exit with them

Enter Mahomet, and the Captains, in private conference.

Mah. Where had this perfection,
 Who not enjoy'd, lames our great Conquest.

Cap. Dread Sovereign,
 I sav'd her from the Embraces of a common slave,
 That would have wrested her to his desire :
 And prizing her, I found her onely fit for your great self;
 And I in duty and obedience, have told your Majesty of her.

Mah. Thou shalt not lose by't, how ere it hap.

Enter knocking : Enter Messenger with Irene.

Irene. Great Emperour : *She prostrates her self.*
 Your Vassal humbly prostrate,
 Waits your Highness pleasure.

Mah. Lady, Great,
 Your perfections are too heavenly,
 And ill besit to grovel upon Earth :
 Be pleas'd to rise. *Reaches his hand to her.*

Irene. How ere it is my duty, your Greatness
 Dith command me.

Mah. 'Tis strange the fatal breath of our great Guns,
 Together with the smother'd Air
 Of your down tumbling Fabricks,
 Should have conceal'd this beauty ;
 Which if the mighty Globe should crush together
 Contains such sacred Rayes, would dart into another world.

Irene.

Irene. Most mighty Sir :
 The best of my deservings
 Have near attain'd the honour of your presence :
 What shall I think of this your praise ?
 It is your Highness pleasure,
 With these Hyperbolies to whet your Eloquence on me,
 A poor unworthy subject.

Mab. Madam,
 The great distrust you have on me, I value not,
 For 'tis a Maxime wife,
 To try before you trust :
 But the debasing of your self
 'Tis petty Blasphemy, and grieves me much :
 For know, the pleasures of Court,
 With all the best of us you shall command.

Mef. The Bashaw of Natolia *Enter Mef.*
 Attends your Majesty,
Mab. Well ! What's his great heart ?
 But go, I am at leisure. *Exit.*

Madam, Your look's so full an Academy,
 Where the sweet Discipline, so quaintly is abridg'd ;
 That in this little gap of time, I flatter
 Me a true Proficient.
 Me-thinks my unbridled Nature,
 Is so sweetly calm'd.
 That I could cringe, and bow before a beauty,
 And call a moderate blush into this countenance
 Which heretofore sparkl'd destruction,
 And pursue my Lips into a chirping smile.
 Which heretofore mov'd onely in the accents
 Of command, and death.
 Under correction, my beloved, *Kisses her.*
 I'll exercise before we part.

To a Gentleman.

*Go hence, prepare fit entertainment
 for this fair one ; see that two of the
 best and truest Eunuchs at-
 tend her pleasure.*

Irene. Your Vassal is joyc'd in her obedience.

Exit Irene.

Mab. I find change.
 This touch yields greater pleasure
 Then if my blows were circumvented
 With the Imperial Crown of all the Earth :
 Welcome Natolia.

Enter Natolia.

Nato. Great Sir :
 Me-thinks you have forgot Constantinople.

Mab

Mab. Huan : Thou'rt almost turn'd a Prophet :
 Why well may I forget that great Imperial now
 When that her Crown lies here.
 I am sure *Hadrianople* now
 Contains the imperial Mistress of the World :
 But quick, assemble our great Council all,
 I will converse of it a while.

Nat. They'r, in a moment, as one man
 Prepar'd, to attend your Excellence :
 I will go hasten your commands.

Exit Natolia.

Maho : Solus.

My mighty Name, and wand'ring Spirit
 Which heretofore, scorn'd confinement
 Within the Lists of the wide World ;
 Are by this Sovereign beauty, now so captivate,
 That they would with restraint
 With in the narrow Concave of her Breast for ever :
 And could I, but unrival'd, in her Affections
 Reign Lord Paramount, in freedom void of danger :
 I'd throw my inferiour Conquests from my hands,
 And spurn this gilded temptation, from my brow,
 The Beggarly Rewarder of my emptied Veins :
 I'm call'd to Council,
 What make I there ? A Statue to fill up a place ;
 For here remains, my Life, my Soul, and Spirits all,
 Tied fast in Golden Manacles ;
 Whose charming bondage is so sweet,
 That were I sure, that Sirene-like
 I would bring me to destruction,
 I'd not relinquish it :

I'll send for her ; and from her Lips
 Partake so much refreshment :
 So, cordelize my Senses, till I return :
 So ho, there ;

Go court *Irene* ; here in heart,

Mef. I shall, great Sir,

Mef. Dread Sir, the Royal Court attends you.

Mab. Are they so soon in full Assembly ?

Mef. Full half an hour ago, Great Sir :

Mab. Withdraw :

Great places have a Court of trouble,
 I must forsake my happiness a while,
 I sent to take my leave of you.
 Before the Leaden foot of Time
 Hath press'd two Glasses forth, I will return,
 And here expect you.

Ire. I will attend your Greatness.

*When the Emperour calls,
 Enter a Gentleman.*

Enter a Messenger.

Enter Irene.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter the great Basha in Court.

1 I wonder of our forward Prince.

2 He was not wont to do so :

Was there a messenger dispatcht ?

3 Yes : and return'd, and says he's coming.

Nat. 1, but that forward man of War

Is stop't with the strong Charms of an alluring Remora :

But soft, he's here.

Enter Mahomet.

Mah. My trusty Lords, I have loyter'd my engagement,
And I'm sorry that your expectations will prove fruitless at this time
Through present indisposedness, of my infirmity,
I only came for to excuse my self,
And to adjourn it till another time,
And till our further order, in your own time, dismiss :
So fare you well.

Exit Mahomet.

All. Prosperity attend your Majesty.

1 A Remora in Land *Naxos*, 'tis strange
And yet 'tis probable ; for the fleet is monstrous.

Manent Basha.

3 Is't possible the Darts of that blind Boy
That woundeth none, but downy breasted Girls,
And you' his Muliers, hath pierc'd his steely Spirit.

Nat. I am afraid since the reverberating Harness was hung by,
The weaker Instruments have made impression.

2 Then we are like to have a crew of mongrel Warriours quickly:

Nat. Let us depart, to pray for Reformation.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mahomet, return'd; as to Irene.

Mah. Absent, till you are call'd.

To the Attendants.

Madam, Am I not now a full accomplish'd Courtier,
That can keep tack with time.

Irene. And have been, since your riper years
Brush'd ch Idishness away, I do believe, great Sir,

Mah. No, fair one,

I was rude as the unbridled Camp,

Stern as the pale Revenge,

Fierce as the god of War :

My Spirits all were lin'd in proof

Impenetrable to remorse.

Witness the ruful Ruines

Of your stately town ;

Which destin'd to its fatal period,

Had not the Wit for to prevent you.

For had the piercing Eloquence of your bright look approacht
My martial senses all, as they do;
Effeminated would have sunk
Below the dreadful Steel;
I should have crept for a revival
In the Lap of *Venus*.

Irene. Oh Sir! Had my great Kindred liv'd,
My state and fortunes stood upright,
Which by the Iron hand of War
Is sunk to nothing, I might in some sort be deserving.

Mab. Why dost repent, that cannot be recall'd,
Thy slaughtered Kindred; thou rather shouldst rejoice;
For in Exchange the Power of *Turky* lies at thy command,
And in the lieu of thy consumed fortune
The Riches of my Realm, I do estate on thee:
And hence do court, that thou embrace the
Affections of a King;

And guild our *Turky* with so fair a Queen.

Irene. This is an indigested Passion (in your Greatness)
Which seen in its own flattering glass
Delights a little;

But look on with the piercing Eye of Reason
Proves odiously inform'd:

Then lo! h'd Fate succeeds, and I with the inflexible Characters
Of new expired infamy,
With wonder hur'd, through the World.

Mab. Sweet Soul:

It's thy Charms that hath surpriz'd me,
I dwell inseparably in thine Arms,
And not give time to Reason to consult with me.
Sweetheart, prepare to y'eld, and I'll go frame Petitions.

Irene. Do, good my Lord, and recollect your self;
While, for your good, I am obstinate.

Exeunt at several doors.

Enter three Eastbaws.

1 I wonder what delight
Our Emperour hath found out, that he condemns the Establishment
Of his mighty Conquest.

2 'Tis certain, that same *Remora*
That great *Natolia* spoke of.

1 And do you think that he's surpriz'd with the soft Charms
Of an effeminating Love?

3 Why not?

Temptation easily gains on idleness
The nimble courser whiles she sweeps
The Beesom of the yielding Air, rides safe;
But while recount, she sits puning on a bow,
Death, from the deadly Level of a Gun, arrests her.

2 'Tis true, While death and deep destruction
Were his Objects,
He look't unto his safety :
But the sweet Lullabies of an alluring Peace
Hath epilept'c his active Spirits,
And kee s him trad'd in Security.

3 O that some Enterprife would wait our great Designs,
That with a fearful Larum he might be awak't,
And scar'd to fall asleep again.

1 O but 'tis dangerous nibbling with the couchant Lion.

2 But soft, I hope I have prophesied :
See there a Post in haste. *A Post passes by*
Exeunt.

Enter Mahomet to a Gentleman.

Mah. Stay, I see News ;
Go you, excuse my promise to my Love.

Gent. 'Tis my best honour, to discharge
Your Majesties Commands.

Mah. What means this bloud
To post so from thy face ?
As if it rid some deadly
Message to heart.

Exit Gent.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. It signifies my deadly Errand :
For know that your neglected Bands
Are a prepared Banquet
For the Birds of prey,
And with their mangled Corps
Manure the Hungarian fields :
Who, proud in triumph,
Have made a Bone-fire of your Borders.

Mah. Well ! I'll go raise a storm
Shall drive the flame back on their faces.
Away, command *Natolia* hither :
Go you, bring my sweet *Greek* :
What doth the Hungarian Power
Consist of ?

To a Gent.
Exit.
To another.
Exit.

Mes. I judge they'r 20000.
With an accomplish'd Leader.

Mah. Fy : they'l be a point so small,
As will not be discern'd by my great Power.
They are too few to satisfy my great Revenge.

Mes. Great Sir : You'r pleas'd to talk of points,
And they'r a sharp one.

Enter Irene.
Withdraws.

Mah. Withdraw Sir, till you'r call'd.
Come, come, my Soul, I'll tell thee what ;
Although there is some fatal Meteor dropt from the Skie,
That sets great Spirits on burning ;
Yet such is the sweet fruits of calm Peace, lent me by thee,

That were there now a shoak,
Wherein the state of all the world contended :
And would my presence dart captivity to all,
I'de not suspend the greater Conquest of thy love
For half an hour.

Irene. Oh that your Passion should transform your Reason thus,
To dote on me your captive slave ;

Who's very Bonds were Honour unto me.

Mab. Have pity Lady, I am conquer'd,
Shout forth no more denials ;
For while you do my thoughts in pleasing doubt,
Make me forget my self ?

Irene. Well ! I will leave you now to better company.

Mab. But not so much desir'd, *Natolia ;*

Exit Irene.

The Body of our Peace,

Enter Natolia.

By the *Hungarians*, hath receiv'd a wound,
And here hard by the fatal Post. Call him here.

Nat. What are the forces in *Hungary* lost ?

Enter Post.

Mis. They are not onely lost, but the insulting Foe
Triumphs o're all the Borders.

Nat. Great Sir,
This Wound neglected
Resters to your mighty danger.

Mab. I knew 'tis not so great that we should fear ;
Nor is't so small, as for to be neglected :
Therefore, forthwith, see that our Council be assembled.

Nat. I'll cause them wait your pleasure.

Exit Natolia, and the Emperor.

Enter Irene, and an Eunuch.

Irene. My trusty Servitor,
'Tis not so much your vowed Order,
Nor the inherent quality of faithfulness
Unto your Queens ;
But 'tis the honesty and truth which I discover
In every action of thee,
Which brings me for to discover
The greatest secret of my Soul unto thee.

Eun. Madam, if ought lie in the compass of my poor power
For to redress, it's done at your command ;
And if it do not,

It's lie promiscuously, as in the Grave,
Infolded from the world for ever.

Irene. I have so full a confidence in thee,
I will not seek an Oath to tie thee to't.
Knew then, my trusty friend,
I have a noble Lover

whose

Whose constant heart, with mine, reciprocal is plac'd :
 He Pilgrims now in the *Hungarian* Court,
 Begging assistance of some Martial Spirits,
 In stealth with him, to approach these walls ;
 Where I at his appointment,
 Under the colour of my private Recreation, in the air,
 At his appointed hour, and place, was for to meet him,
 And be convey'd from hence :
 He thought your Emperour, as himself,
 Would amorously have 'tane delay :
 But oh ! my woe, 'tis otherwise :
 For where Petitions faintly do retire
 The greatness of his Power makes way :
 Therefore, my honest friend, go find
 My Lord *Paologus* by name.
 Declare my state, which thou right-well do'st know
 The time will not permit me write.
 Take this, and in Post-haste depart. *Gives him a Purse.*

En. Now by the mighty Prophet *Mahomet*,
 The hairy Scalpe of my dead Father,
 And by the Emperours Sword,
 I'll act with all my Power, and straight about it :
 Farewel, good fortune be thy speed. *Exit Eunuch.*

Irene. Alas poor harmless Maid,
 The period of thy hopes rely.
 On the successful Journey of a Nobleman :
 But soft, here comes the interrupter of my joy.

Mah. What is Perfection retin'd into Heresie, *Enter Mah.*
 And leaves the World quite destitute :
 My Soul, let me partake.

Irene. Most Royal Sir,
 The best of my Endeavours
 Are homage due to you.

Mah. Tell me, what means thy unmannerly intrusion.

Mef. Pardon Sir,
 Your mighty Council waits your pleasure : *Enter a Mef.*
 Still these harsh News do mingle with my pleasures : *Aside.*
 Farewel Heart.

Exeunt both,

Enter the Bashaws, as in Council.

1. What do you think, that drunk with blood,
 They desperately reel on us.

2. My

2 My life for't, they'r so fash't;
They'l pay their Nature's Tribute, but feed on us.

3 Soft : here comes the whining Captive.

Nat. Alas ! I fear the consequence of these bold words.

Enter Mahomet, and takes his Seat of State.

Mah. What think you Lords of this same Scar ?

Who's bent to go a Chirurgion for't ?

All. Your Self's the great Physician.

Mah. Away : it scarce requires the help of an Apothecary,
And tell you me of it ?

All. But our great Lord :

Your presence will give quicker remedy,
And satisfie your great Revenge the more.

Mah. Fie, faint Scars, and inconsiderate reply :

Do ye not know the petty Conquest of their Nation

Would not acquit the charges of my Train;

Should I go forth ?

Away, forth go you :

Prepare sufficient strength ;

To a Bashaw.

And let this tinkling News no more trouble my calmed Spirits :

Go all of you, assist in speedy levying of a Power :

Farewell.

Exit Mahomet with his Guard,

Moment Bashaw.

1 Fie, fie,

That the lustful flames of a lascivious Wench,

Should burn the great remembrance of himself to chaff,

Which now is made the sport

Of every vulgar breath,

Soldiers without, 'Tis true.

2 And must his awful Harnish hang contemptible in rust :

And must that bold that hung ov'r Christendoms,

Like a Malignant Meteor,

In cankered dust, be food to mothes ;

It must not be : Sold. Nor shall not be.

3 What doth deject Natalia so ?

Nat. That which I would, but cannot remedy.

2 Let us conjoin in one, and help our selves.

Nat. Well ! 'tis of too great concernment to be rush't into.

All. I will go wade,

Nat. And so will we.

Exeunt.

Enter Mahomet to Irene.

Mah. Come, come, thou Center of my Peace,

Even now while restless Spirits roam the World,

Seeking the noblest bloud,

To engrave their Characters of fame.

And while the nimble Posts, whip on each other,

With tidings of my danger :

While in thy bosom laid, I joy in peace,

And peacefully enjoy, the fulness of delight :

Which might I but unrival'd still enjoy,

I freely with this mighty Ball, subverted were to its Original :
But speak, my Soul, can'st thou affect ?

Irene, O mighty Sir, to admiration !

Mab. Nay, rather to fruition,
Which if thou can'st, no longer linger our delights,
Here is a pious Musty, which for the purpose I have brought
To joyn our hands as well as hearts : *Enter a Mustie.*
And to infamy of stols contents, may turn to honourable enjoyments.

Irene. Oh mighty Sir ! Since you are serious,
I do beseech you give a precedent of yielding,
By granting me but one Weeks respite,
To beg from our great Deity concurrence to your Yeaok :
From under which, till Death, there's no redemption ;
And then my unsalted fruits,
With all the best of me reap at your pleasure.

Must. Great Emperour,
Thisher Petition, in honour, cannot be deny'd,

Mab. Nor any : Even my life lies at her mercy :

I'll go, invoke the Sun to haste,
And check the minutes of their slowness.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Natalia Solus.---

Oh ! How the Bark of Greatness rides on a rotten Cable,

Subject to every flaw of malice,
And impetuous Billow of Rebellion ;

Our mighty Prince, but now,
Rid on the neck of an imperial Conquest :

But oh ! one fatal change : he's pul'd from thence

By the seducing Charms of whining love ;

And, in a probability, of reducement into nothing,

To have his awful Majesty flouted by common Slaves.

I wonder that the wheeling Orb's amaz'd

Stopt not their course at this change,

And all the World stand hush in admiration,

Poor, and infatuated Prince :

We told thee, this would rowz thy infatuated spirits,

And who could stand the fierce return of them ;

And yet me thinks, ha's made good use of life

That uses it for to reclaim thee :

Stand loyal heart :

Enter three Bosshaws to him.

Welcome Lords,

1 What solitary Muse possesses thee *Natalia* ?

What hast thou plotted a deliverance ?

2 I rather think he is reciprocal,

And sleeps with drowsie stare.

Nat. I have not slept, nor was my fancy idle,

I have been ruminating this design,

And horror seizes all my spirits to dream on the attempt.

2 *Natolia*, 'tis no disloyalty :
He ha's thrown down his awful Sovereignty,
And does to be a Subject,

Nat. What will you drive at ?

3 Let go the Reins to the unbridled Souldiers,
Who utterly disdain a Queenly Monarchy ;
And if he will not be reclaim'd, divide the Crown amongst us.

Nat. My very good Lords, and noble Friends,
I know there's none of you, but would embrace his death
Before the name of murderous Traytor ;
Which, by this horrid act, will soon gain it self on you and your Posterity.
That should your brackish Cisterns tumble forth Oceans,
It would not wash it off,
There's many ways to be attempted, before we do deflower our Maiden Nation ;
With the unmatched stain of Kill-Kings :
And blessed be the Fates, I hope there's one.

1 I'll know his Errand :

Sweet Sir, will your great haste permit you stay,
To tell us what's your haste.

Behold a Post.

Enter a Mes. in Post.

Mes. My Journey's at an end, since great *Natolia's* there ;
For he, as well as I, may tell the Emperour, that his new Conquests stagger :
And that the *Paloponnesian* Lords, in general Rendezvous, with a great Force,
March to indanger his new Conquests.

Nat. Post on, declare it to him.

Exit Mes.

2 This is the utmost period of our expectation,
He'll now awake, or he's quite dead unto himself :
He certainly abhors the Rebellious *Greeks* so much
That he'll disdain this Saint-like Charm for it.

3 No : I do rather fear her witching tears will cause remorse,
And they shall have mercy for her sake :
But loe some News !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord *Natolia*, the Emperour, in haste, requires your presence :
Farewel, my Lord.

Exit Nat.

1 Even there's the opportunity we wish for :
Behold the Captain of the Janisaries, and many Companies with them.

Moment three Bishaws.

2 I'll speak to them.

*Enter the Janisaries, as with Drums
and Colours marching.*

Welcome great Captain,
Where tends your march ?

Cap. No march : 'tis now an Age to talk so rustly,
We'll walk unto the Palace :
There to hang up our useless Weapons,
And then return to play.

3 Away, you'r part of it.
You have not heard the News, the stubborn *Greeks*,
Our command of the *Paloponnesian* Lord,
With mighty Force regain our Conquests.

All. O then for certain, she a *Grecian* Goddess,
Invoked by their prayers, for to descend in Charms, upon our Emperors Spirits.
Come

Come, let us go, and pluck her from his Arms,
And bury her unto ashes; and strew her in the Air
For the enjoyment of the Bawdy Wind.

2 Nay first behold the effect of this same News upon him.

Cap. Let it be so; and for this time let us return.

Exeunt Cap. and

Nat. Well! forthwith we must assemble.

Janisaries, Manent Bashaw.

3 But had you seen what an Assembly here was now,
The *Janisaries*, all in mutinous Arms, going unto the Palace

Enter Nat. to them.

For fury, we have stopt for present.

Enter Naretia to them.

Nat. Well! these Tumults will awake him;

And till I see you, farewell.

Exeunt omnes at several doors.

Enter Mahomet to Irene.

Mah. Harsh News, my Love:

Your unbridled Colts of *Greece*, not brooking yolk,

Act to disquiet my tranquillity and peace,

And lame the greatness of my dear Enjoyments of thee.

But it shall not be so; thou'lt go with me unto the *Grecian* Empire,

And there be crown'd the Empress of thy Native Soil.

Irene. No: my dear Lord:

I'll be no Warriour: the iron-side of stern-look't Warriours

Are frightful Objects to my tender sight:

Oh now I hope the horror of my night is past.

Aside.

Mah. Thou'lt not be troubl'd with them,

The effeminate Court shall wait on thee.

Irene. But, great my Lord,

If I am found in favour in your sight,

Do not revive my sounded grief,

Nor bring the horrid Object

Of my demolished Country in my sight;

For if you do, I am so much Mother,

That you will find your Nuptials

But a patient Funeral:

For these my Eyes, that else would sparkle invitation

Will all be blubber'd up in tears;

And these my silk Embraces

Incenter Melancholy: So that you'll find me

Little to surpass the breathless Corps

That lie in the cold Jaws of Death.

Mah. The weighty Reasons of so great a Friend
Cannot be gain-said.

Irene. Oh! Happy now,

Aside.

Thanks, great my Lord,

You knew I am still at your desires

When you return.

Thou'lt hardly be so, soon;

For e're the silent time sit by two hours,

I'll be with thee.

I have subdu'd the noble parts of your great Realms
And now will with my Agent 'op the extremer parts.

Exit.

Manet Irene sola.

Now let disloyal mutiny force him from hence;
Or sad destruction's like to seize on me, poor hopeleſs Girl;
That have no other Cordial now, but what proceeds from the relentless world:
Oh their inconstant breath muſt ſentence forth my weal or woe:

I'll ſend to ſee which turns my Scale;

Go haſte, and ſee the iſſue of the Court;

Enter an Eunuch.

Return with ſpeed.

Exit Eunuch.

Oh how my poor toſſed Soul, ſits on the angry ſurface of Calamity;
And how the reſtleſs Waves of my continued grief works in ſuſpenſe,
'Gainſt my poor floating Bark.

I wonder that my Eunuch ſtays ſo long.

Welcome the iſſue of the buſineſs.

Enter the Eunuch.

Now Dear prepare your ſelf to take your laſt farewel of joy.

Aſide.

Eun. The iſſue holds you forth a glorious Bride.

Irene. And art thou ſure he's full determin'd for to ſtay.

Eun. Yes certainly, and in that full reſolve

He hath diſmiſt the grumbling Court, and ſtraight he will be here.

My Lord, my Loyal Lord,

Exit Eun.

My dear *Paologus*, did'ſt thou but know the exigent that I am in;

That wing'd from *Hungary*, but ſad, my now deſpairing thoughts,

Like my grim Fates, perſwade me to my laſt farewel:

My huge coagulated griefs are far too great.

For one day's task: for if to morrow

By that the Lamp of Heaven, deſcend the certain Horizon

If thou, thou Sun of my delight appear nor.

I'll croud my ſelf in the dark yauning grave,

And mourn in quiet:

So now Death in his horrid ſhape appears.

Mab. Come, come, my Love,

Enter the Emperor.

The flame of my deſire

Hath ſcatter'd into air theſe interweaving Clouds.

Irene. Even ſo I do behold my ſelf:

Mab. Come, let us talk of our approaching delight,
And ſo deceive the time.

Irene. Not ſo my Lord, for they're ſo ſweet,
That time would, raviſh, ſtop to hear them.

Mab. Still contrary:

Well! You ſerve to gloſs the enjoyment.

Enter a Meſ.

What newes?

Meſ. Great Sir, *Natolia* courts an entrance here without.

Mab. *Natolia* may command it; go haſte him in:

I wonder what his pregnant Wit doth labour of.

Exit Meſ.

Irene. Well! I'll withdraw my Lord.

Exit Irene.

Mab. Command thy liberty,

Come

Come on *Nitelia*.

Me-thinks thou tel'st with some great tidings.

Enter Naro.

Naro. My mighty Lord,

He falls down.

I am fall'n for your Rise,

Had I disloyally affected removation,

I might have peakt the Pinnacle of Rule,

And spurn'd you in forgotten dust :

I need not desperately have rifl'd the Lion of his prey,

But slightly couchant, have surpriz'd him :

Pardon my boldness, my passions high

Rains me at pleasure :

Where's that great Spirit, that aw'd the Fates

And cow'd the world?

What is it thrunk in fear,

To hide it self within a Ladies Lap?

Or do you think that the mistaken world

Will attribute this Imperial Conquest unto you?

Who, in your greatest might,

Could not withstand a whining fit of love :

Your new acquired name,

In after-ages shall be raz'd

From dreadful Chronicles,

And register'd in frothy birth of working brains :

And your great Deeds shall be a Winters tale

For downy Boyes, and puny Wenches :

O mighty Prince ! I dread the event of this same Lethargic ;

For while your charmed senses

Snort in security,

Your active and great Commanders

Plot dreadful actions.

If this that's spoke be kindly taken, 'tis enough :

If not, too much.

Mab. Unreverend Villain !

Thou hast sufficiently beg'd death,

I could afford to make thee feel I sleep nor,

But ancient Love pleads some respect ;

Therefore I'll favour thee with Banishment ;

From henceforth see my face no more.

Go instantly, Depart the Limits of my Power ;

For if thou do'st but stay to bid farewell unto thy friends :

For this neglect, of my command, thou dyest.

Nat. Great Sir, Let me but stay a day

To pack some things for my relief abroad.

Mab. No : they may come after you.

Nat. Then gracious Prince farewell ;

I still will with your Reformation.

Enter the Janisaries, in mutiny towards the Palace.

Exit Natol and the Emperour.

Enter to them two Bashaws.

All. Great Lords, we need no longer groan in expectation,
We see the dire Resolve :
The froward fancies of a woman must snaffle us :
By the great Mahomet, we will not suffer it :
He's give her up a Sacrifice for our Revenge ;
Or we will force her from him.

2 Are your Resolves no fouler ?

All. By the hairy scalp of our great Fathers
We wish his standing ;
And onely hint, to pull this Witching Charm
From his renowned Bosome.

Enter a Gentleman to them.

Gent. A very lamentable ———
Surpriz'd my sight as I came here,
That mighty man of war *Natolia*,
Driv'd by the gusts of his own sighs,
Sail'd in the brackish Sea of's own Creation from *Turky*.

1. From *Turkie* declare the ænigma.

Gent. Banish't, I mean.

All. The great *Natolia* banish't?

To an Officer.

Go Sir, we beg,
And tell th: Emperour, that we in arms
Attend his presence at the Palace Gates,
And needs must see him.
Declare the manner, Sir :
For what !

Exit a Gent.

Gent. The zeal of Loyal Love
Emboldened him, to tell the Emperour of his state :
But the bewitching flames of Lust
Burn'd all his weighty Reasons into chalk,
Which with his Self must, banish't, roam the World.

All. Fie on't, there's not a head in *Turkie*
Fits so sure, which reels not with a sigh
Of this same idle Whore :
Come, let us antidote this poison.

Exeunt omnes to the Palace.

Enter the Messenger to Mahomet.

Gent. Great Emperour,
The troubled Janisaries all in Arms
Attend your presence at the Palace Gates.

Mah. What means the unwarranted Assembly of them ?
Well ! I'll go to them.

Exit Mahomet with his Guard.

Enter Souldiers, as before the Palace.

All. Well ! did he know he kist his last,
 And courted his farewell :
 He'd tire our expectation :
 But soft ! he mounts the Battlement.

Enter Mahomet, as on the Wall.

Mah. How now ! What mean these postures
 Of Disloyalty and Treason ?

All. What mean these curl'd Dangles and Perfumes,
 They speak some odouriferous Sacrifice, and must not be in vain :
 Bring forth that Witch-like Saint,
 That with her Charms poysons thy blood :
 We'll loose thee from Inchantments,
 By the destroying her.

Mah. Imperious Villains ! for the best life that breathes amongst you,
 By your base soultrey breath stain her perfection :
 Slaves, what hath she done deserves it ?
 Must she be murdered 'cause I love her ?

All. She hath fetter'd your heroick spirits,
 Imprison'd your freedom,
 And even reduc't you to a sluggish carelessness ;
 Caus'd brave *Natolia's* banishment,
 Because he sought for to reclaim you.

M. b. 'Tis false :
 She never knew the Conference as yet ;
 Much less his Banishment :
 'Twas his unreverend impudence that caus'd it.

All. It was no impudence, great Sir :
 'Twas his zeal of love,
 Ingratefully rewarded,
 Caus'd through respect of her.
 This day shall see the dissolution of her, and her Inchantments,
 We know we shall be thank't,
 When you become your self :
 Therefore pardon our rudeness.

Mah. Patience, I'll send for her :
 Ah ! ah ! pure innocent ;
 Why doth not every thing that pleads
 Non-guilty,

Appear like *Espine* Plants,
 While their great Queen ascends her direful Scaffold :
 Me-thinks that mighty Rous an Embleme of her,
 Should crush together,

With destruction on her Foes : But soft ! she's yonder !

Oh how all murderous thoughts
 Creep back with fear at her approach.

Irene. What will my mighty Lord ?

*They offer violence to the
 Gates.*

*To a Gent. Go fetch my Love unto
 her Funeral.*

Exit a Gent.

Enter Irene.

Mah.

Mab. The preservation of thy Life.

Irene. Do's any covet an improfitable Clod?

Mab. Oh! oh! my Soul.

Sad Funerals still succeed a Nuptial Dream:

Thou harmlessly enjoy'd the Wed lock thoughts of pleasure,

While fullain Brains bring Death to be thy Bridegroom:

Look o're and see the Dogs of Death,

That do pursue so sweet a Game.

She looks o're.

All. Oh gilt-temptation!

Irene. Oh Fate! Is my weak Limbes

A subject for your great Revenge?

Well! well! my colour's past; my period draws fast on;

And I must down to dust

And loathsomness return to a none-being.

Great Sir! Who's my prepared Butcher?

Mab. Thy Butcher:

That word murders my Soul-deep perplexity;

I'll speak to them again.

Inhumane Wretches! On your allegiance pass: let her alone,

I'll stop the gap, betwixt her, and your base Revenge.

All. Mad men must be madly dealt with.

Mab. Stop your unreverend proceedings,

*They rush open the Gates, part
enter, with swords drawn.*

She's not for common Butchers:

This my own hand shall give enlargement to her Soul,

To tower the Heavens to invoke revenge upon your murd'rous heads.

Irene. Well! I am prepar'd a Sacrifice of Reconciliation

Betwixt you, and your imperious Camp,

Oh! oh! my dear *Prologus*;

Thou little knowest I lip the grave,

All aside.

And have not now a friend in all the World

For to receive my dying words.

Oh my dear love! that I might melt into thy bosome:

Oh now!

I feel the chilness of cold Death seiz on my yielding spirits:

I will go slumber, and not see the fatal blow of my Decease:

Farewel *Prologus*: My dearest Lord for ever now adieu.

Mab. Not once farewel to me, my Soul,

She swoonds.

Farewel to thee:

O had thou but look't,

I never could have struck this fatal blow.

All. To arms, our

Emperor is himself, with his Falchion severs head and body.

Mab. O damnation! Villains,

I am my self indeed:

For you have rifl'd me of the sweet addition,

And now in all my self,

I cannot find one thought of comfort,

For to please my self.

Well

Well! Revenge and Fury be my Conducts now ;
 I'll send the Royal Spirits of slaughtered Princes to attend her.
 Bring in that great perfection,
 That such honour may be laid in dust.

Exit Mah.

Then extant omnes.

*Then enter with the Corps ; as to them
 a Gentleman.*

Gent. Shines not the fair *Irene* here.

Gen. She did of late :

But Death defac't that beauty now,
 Behold her breathless Corps,
 By her pure Spirits forsaken -- born there.

Gent. I beseech you Sir, the fatal Story.

The other. The great content the Emperour took in her,
 Made him lay by the great Affairs of State to court her :
 At which the imperious Souldiers high incens't,
 Forc't his unwilling hand to part her head and body.

Gen. Were they married ?

The oth. Oh no ! she kept aloof :
 But should the morrow been a Royal Bride.

Gent. Oh sad ! my Errand's done :
 I an unwelcome messenger must now return,
 Farewel, sweet Sir.

Exit.

*Enter the Lord Prologus, at the appointed place
 before the walls.*

Pro. I wonder our dull Post exceeds the lazie time,
 I am wearied with the toiles of this tedious night,
 And fain would see my Sun.

1 I do discover one.

2 Soft ! it bears resemblance of our expectation.

3 'Tis certain none but he.

Dam. Hum ! Me-thinks his looks speak horrible destruction.

Pro. Oh ! and alas !

Enter Gent.

What mean these News ?

That tols thy tongue from Order,
 And shakes the frame of thy compos'd Spirits :
 Oh dread ! I need not bid thee speak ;
 I read me senseless in thy look ;
 Yet of the manner give me satisfaction.

Gent. The pure Soul of fair *Irene*,
 Hath now acquit'd its proper Center.

Pro. Oh ! oh ! Do's that bald Tyrant
 In secret Clay, reap her sweet Corps,
 Oh ! my dear Love, whose presence made delight,
 Must thou be rotting in the irksome Grave,
 The food of loath'ome Worms :
 Sirh I in the Air enjoy the light of *Phabus*.

Oh no! There was inherent simplicity in us:
I know her Soul in restless expectation death remain,
Therefore, I will not now, as hereto, brook a delay:

Demosthenes, thank thou these noble Gentlemen,
For their true pains in this lost labour:
For now the life and soul of all my spirits,
Press to acquire their Center, and rack me fearfully:
Go thou relentless Steel,
And spur them forth:

Come, come, my Soul, *He with a Dagger stabs himself*
Although our bodies, separate for ever, moulder in the dust:
Our Spirits shall conjoin.

Oh! oh! my Love, I haste.

Dyes.

1 Oh doleful Tragedy!

I did not dream this point.

2 I wonder where unseen,

He wore the fatal Steel.

Dem. I was inseparable in life,
And will not be disjoyn'd in death.

Oh! oh!

*He stretches himself close down by the Corps, and with
the same Dagger kills himself.*

All. Oh! Loyal Servant!

Dyes.

This is a Spectacle of like Woe
To that of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.